E
664
.S62
U5

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

Class E 6 1

Book .S62 M5

58th Congress, 3d Session | House of Representatives | Document No. 471

WILLIAM W. SKILES

(Late a Representative from Ohio)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Second Session of the
Fifty-eighth Congress

Compiled under the Direction of the Joint Committee on Printing

WASHINGTON: GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1905

SEP 23 1906
D. of D.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Proceedings in the House	5
Prayer by Rev. Henry N. Couden	5
Address of Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio	9
Address of Mr. Tirrell, of Massachusetts	14
Address of Mr. Hildebrant, of Ohio	19
Address of Mr. Snook, of Ohio	22
Address of Mr. Kyle, of Ohio	25
Address of Mr. Cassingham, of Ohio	27
Address of Mr. Webb, of North Carolina	29
Address of Mr. Currier, of New Hampshire	31
Proceedings in the Senate	35

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM W. SKILES

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

MONDAY, *January 11, 1904.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Our Father, who art in heaven, to whom we are indebted for life and all things, and to whom we owe everlasting gratitude and willing service, we most earnestly pray for a larger and ever-increasing conception of life and its far-reaching purposes, that we may bend all our energies toward the final consummation of things as exemplified in the life and teachings of Thy Son, Jesus Christ.

Once more, O Lord, are we called upon to mourn the loss of another from our Congressional family, who, by his genial nature and the high order of service rendered to his country, endeared himself to all. We most fervently pray that Thou will comfort his colleagues and friends, especially the grief-stricken family, by the blessed assurance that some time, somewhere, there will be a reunion where sorrow and death shall not enter.

Hear us in the name of Christ, our Lord. Amen.

DEATH OF HON. WILLIAM WOODBURN SKILES.

Mr. GROSVENOR. Mr. Speaker, it is made my painful duty to announce to the House of Representatives the death of Hon. WILLIAM WOODBURN SKILES, a Representative in this body from the State of Ohio. That sad event took place at his home at Shelby on Saturday last. At a proper time the House will be asked to set aside a space of time in which eulogies suitable to the high character and distinguished services of the deceased may be rendered upon this floor. In the meantime, Mr. Speaker, I offer for adoption the following resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has heard with great sorrow of the death of Hon. WILLIAM WOODBURN SKILES, of the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That a committee of fifteen Members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The question was taken; and the resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The Chair appoints the following committee.

The Clerk read as follows:

Committee of the House to attend the funeral of Hon. W. W. SKILES: Mr. Kyle, Mr. Badger, Mr. Southard, Mr. Hildebrant, Mr. Dick, Mr. Snook, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Currier, Mr. Beidler, Mr. Legare, Mr. Woodyard, Mr. Dickerman, Mr. Robb, Mr. Davidson, Mr. Warnock, and Mr. Webb.

Mr. GROSVENOR. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to.

And accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 27 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

APRIL 15, 1904.

EULOGIES ON THE LATE SENATOR HANNA AND THE LATE HON. W. W. SKILES.

Mr. GROSVENOR. Mr. Speaker——

The SPEAKER. For what purpose does the gentleman rise?

Mr. GROSVENOR. I desire to ask unanimous consent that Sunday, April 24, a session of the House being already ordered, may be set apart for eulogies upon the life and character of the late deceased Senator HANNA and Hon. W. W. SKILES, late a Member of this House. By arrangement with the gentleman from Alabama [Mr. Wiley] the exercises incident to that day will not come in conflict with those I have now requested.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection? As the Chair understands, the gentleman proposes that the House shall meet at 12 o'clock on Sunday, the 24th.

Mr. GROSVENOR. At 12 o'clock, Mr. Speaker.

The SPEAKER. The Chair hears no objection, and it is so ordered.

Mr. SMALL. Mr. Speaker, I think the special order is for 2 o'clock.

Mr. GROSVENOR. Yes.

Mr. UNDERWOOD. I understand gentlemen have arranged with the gentleman from Alabama [Mr. Wiley] so that there will be no conflict.

Mr. GROSVENOR. Yes; I have arranged with the gentleman from Alabama [Mr. Wiley]. We have agreed about the matter.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

APRIL 24, 1904.

DEATH OF HON. WILLIAM W. SKILES.

Mr. CURRIER. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions, which I will send to the desk and ask to have read.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. WILLIAM W. SKILES, late a Member of this House from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House, at the conclusion of these exercises, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Address of Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio

Mr. Speaker: I have listened with great interest to the beautiful eulogies that have been pronounced upon the dead and distinguished Member from Alabama [Mr. Thompson], and a thought has come to me that it is wise that we should assemble in a session of the House to speak of the character and virtues of those who have gone before. There is too much of censure and too little of intelligence in considering and discussing our public men. One will not find among the body of men comprising this House many who have not come here because of some strong, attractive, and valuable personal characteristic. So it is well that their careers shall be described and their virtues proclaimed, their successes made known. It will be an incentive to the young men of the future and an assurance to the people of the present.

I speak for a very few moments of the life and character of our colleague, William Woodburn Skiles, of Ohio. His death was untimely; it came when he was apparently just upon the threshold of a great career. He fell at the post of duty. He fell when he was being honored and appreciated by his fellows, when the door of ambition was open before him, and when he was zealously pushing his way to usefulness and influence. He was born in the State of Pennsylvania in 1849; was taken to Ohio, and settled in Richland County, a county of fine farms, intelligent men, good people, loyal friends of civilization. He was educated and grew up to manhood, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1878. He had been married about a year before. He diligently and faithfully

pursued the practice of law from the time of his admission to the Ohio bar until the time of his death. He never sought office, never held any office of any importance until he was elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress. He was a strong, able, well-educated, well-trained lawyer, a man who had the confidence and esteem of the bar and bench of Ohio in the fullest degree. I speak, of course, of those who knew him. He was an admirable advocate. His arguments to the court were powerful, his addresses to the jury were forceful, eloquent, and able. He was a faithful lawyer. He was one of those lawyers who devote themselves to the interests of their clients. Honorable, high-minded, above all suspicion of the shyster, he was a straightforward gentleman. So devoted to the interests of his clients was he that he attracted my attention in a matter in which he took deep interest during the last few months of his life. He had in his hands the interests of a client whom he believed was threatened with a great wrong and injustice, and he labored persistently while in Washington, scanning all the evidence, studying carefully the law of the case. I myself became greatly interested in the case, for I felt—learning from him more than all I knew before—that injustice was probably threatened; and his appeal to the executive of Ohio was made with the conscientious belief that it was the only salvation for his friend and client. He was engaged in a struggle for that client when he fell at the hands of death.

The last act of his life was at the peril of his life; the last effort he made was a fatal effort. He left there because of his client and was hurried to his home only to fall under the hands of disease. As I have said, he was well educated, a man who kept in touch with the progress of the affairs of his State and his country. He was a faithful party

man. He was not an offensive partisan, but a good partisan. He believed in party organization; he believed that a man could do more good for his country through the organization of a party than he could do by any independent action of his own. And that is the true philosophy of American government. Our Government is a government by parties, and the government of party consists in the organization of party and the fidelity of the membership to party and to party organization. No man in this country, if I may be allowed a slight digression, has ever risen to a position where he has benefited his country and done good to mankind on his own hook. Free governments are not administered by guerrillas, and guerrillas are as distasteful and harmful to popular government in time of peace as they are distasteful to the soldier in time of war.

Mr. SKILES was elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress by a large majority in a district, however, that gives a large majority to the party to which he belonged. He was a popular candidate, an able and efficient candidate, a candidate who challenged and received the honor and respect of his partisan opponents. He was a candidate who treated his opponents with consideration, respect, and regard, and they esteemed him and believed in him, notwithstanding the principles that he represented. In the town where he lived, Shelby, Ohio, he was popular. I was unable to attend his funeral, but I am told that there was a significant demonstration of love and affection which testified in the strongest possible degree to the high standing that he held in the community. I know that his standing in the State at large was the standing of a citizen highly respected and highly honored. His home life was beautiful. His love and affection for his wife was significant and happy. His family

around him loved and honored him, and they weep with both affection and pride because of his untimely death and of his career.

He was making his way in Congress. He had suffered illness here which retarded his progress, but he was making his way. He was able, he was clear-headed, he was intelligent, and he was ambitious. Those are the elements that go to make Congressmen successful. Personally, I think that the greatest of these is ambition, because I believe in ambition. I believe the man who is ambitious to rise is the man who will do all that is necessary to challenge and receive the respect and confidence of his fellows. His death, therefore, was untimely. It is my belief that he would have been reelected to the Fifty-ninth Congress; and if he had, I am confident he would have overcome a sort of unwritten, and what to me seems an unfortunate, law of some of our districts in Ohio, that a man elected to Congress may be there but for two terms and that then he shall be relegated to the rear—a fatal defect in our system, something that makes us many times weaker than we would be if common sense and good judgment prevailed. I believe that in his case he would have grown and overcome any such obstacle, if that obstacle existed, and I had hoped to see him a distinguished and prominent member of Congress. Had he lived, I have no doubt that my wish would have been realized.

But he is dead and gone, Mr. Speaker. His record is made up. It is a good record, and one of which his family may well be proud and his fellows may well approve. I have no time nor disposition to discuss the philosophy of death. I can not understand any more than any other man or all men put together why it is that the men most valuable, most wanted here, die first. I can not understand how a young man, as

Thompson of Alabama, whose life and character have to-day been eulogized, or a strong man like SKILES should die, while old men, men too old for activity, are left behind. God knows, and some day, as we have so often heard to-day, we may know all about it.

I do not know now, and no philosophy can teach me and no study of books can enlighten me—no dogma of religion can throw upon it any light. So I am willing to submit to the decrees of a benevolent Heavenly Father. With blind faith—for that is what all of our faith must come to at last—in the goodness of God and the wisdom of His administration of affairs. His careful meting out of all that is right and just and desirable to us, I shall abide my time and believe that when men like Thompson and SKILES and Hanna fall there is some good reason for it, and that some day I perhaps may know what it is. If I do not, it will make little difference, for I shall still have confidence—blind confidence, if you please—in the wisdom of the power that is administering these events.

We shed our tears figuratively over the grave of our departed colleague; we tender to his loving wife and family our sincere condolence and regard, and may his shining example, his bright career, be an incentive to those he has left behind, and in the fullness of time may they come to appreciate that virtue, honor, integrity, patriotism, and uprightness will secure the approbation of the people.

Address of Mr. Tirrell, of Massachusetts

Mr. Speaker: It is certainly fitting that one who has been a Representative in this body, and in the midst of the performance of his public duties has been called hence, that those who knew him intimately should attest their appreciation of his character and here embody in permanent form the salient features of his life. It was my privilege to be numbered in that class. During the Fifty-seventh Congress Representative Skiles and myself boarded at the same hotel, sat at the same table, and during a portion of the time his son was my private secretary.

Thus I came to know him intimately; not only him but all his family. Little by little the incidents of his career were unfolded to me as well as his social and domestic life. He was not one who carried his heart upon his sleeve. He was not voluble in conversation. He did not volunteer information about himself. He had no self-conceit. He never boasted of his achievements. There was no vain glorification in his conversation. He did not consider it necessary to assert himself to secure his own advancement.

He knew his limitations, and while not deprecating his own abilities had a self-reliant confidence that asserted itself when necessary for the accomplishment of the end he had in view. He took a broad view of every matter in which he was interested. He adopted the simplest and most natural methods to accomplish his purposes. Thus as time rolled on, slowly, but surely, he laid the foundations of a useful, honorable, and eminently successful life. He was a farmer's boy. His youth-

ful vision saw the broad Ohio fields and the woods and streams around him where nature only could impress its lessons.

The district school, with its rudimentary instruction, must have afforded a desultory education only. A better education was the home associations of the farm itself, for the strong men, the patriotic men, the men of energy, the men who have become leaders in public and industrial life are, as a rule, those brought up under the inspiration of the mountains around them or the plains that stretch for miles beyond the homestead. Here ambition is inspired and indomitable resolution to succeed implanted.

Such was the effect upon him, for largely by his own efforts he secured the means to complete a course in Baldwin University, at Berea, Ohio, from which he graduated in 1876. Admitted to the bar that year, he cast about for a place in which to locate. Naturally he would have selected a city or a large town in which to practice. A country village in modern times offers no inducement even to the young practitioner.

It is not merely that litigation in such places is discountenanced, which perhaps is not an evil, but because where invested capital is lacking and manufacturing or mercantile business is on a small scale there is no occasion for a lawyer's services. His cases will be trivial, and his fees gauged by the amount involved. There are few occasions for consultation, and his office is apt to become the rendezvous of the idle classes or the village politician.

Yet such a place was selected by our friend, in Shelby, at that time an unpretentious town. He builded better than he knew. Did he foresee its future, when large manufacturing firms and corporations should extend its borders? Was it among his ambitions even then that he could so identify

himself with its development as to be an integral part of it himself?

Whether or no, such was the case, for scarcely an industry of importance was established in which his was not one of the guiding hands. He joined the societies and associations of the town, took an active part in their deliberations, did yeoman's work in them all, and served the people for years as one of their school committee. All this was done not for self-interest, but as a duty.

> The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
> Whose deeds both great and small
> Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread
> Where love ennobles all.
> The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
> The book of life the shining record tells.

Nor did he ever forget that he was but one of the common people. He climbed rung by rung the ladder of fame with unconquered energy, but he never made his own aggrandizement his master. He was the genial companion and friend. As he strolled down the streets of Shelby he meet all sorts and conditions of men. He met them on common ground. For all he had a dignified but winning presence and the outstretched hand. There was no assumption of superiority.

For the poor and suffering he was kind, sympathetic, and charitable. The needy have often been the recipients of his unostentatious benevolence. For him neither wealth nor poverty made the man. The honesty, the intention, the character—these determined his judgment, so that as the years sped on the simplicity and uprightness of his own character made a profound impression in his adopted town.

Early in his legal practice he was associated in partnership with his brother, and the association continued to the end. As previously stated, the field was too narrow and limited

for his capacity. There was little promise for the future. His restless mind first turned to the enlargement of business opportunities in Shelby, and, when its commercial and financial interests were assured, to the enlargement of his own. He took up the adjustment and trial of railroad accidents as a specialty, and so successful was his firm that they soon acquired a monopoly of this line of business in the surrounding country.

Clients came to the country town, passing the great cities, to seek his council. The firm became the foremost in this specialty in the county, with a most remarkable business, considering the circumstances, surpassed, indeed, by but few even in the largest cities in the State. So keen were his perceptions, so accurate his legal application of principles, so just his conclusions that in his latter years few cases actually came to trial, but were settled by argument with the opposing party.

It is as a legislator we have known him. He did not participate in the debates of this House. He cared apparently nothing for the acclaim the orator receives. Those who have listened to his public addresses assert that his views were presented always in a clear, concise, and logical manner, depending more upon hard facts and reasoning than eloquent periods or impassioned appeals. Details were easily mastered by him, and for this reason he was a very valuable representative in the committee room and most useful to his constituents. It was his wish that Judge A. R. Webber, of Elyria, Ohio, should succeed him, and yesterday Judge Webber was nominated as his successor.

His death came as a shock, for he had recovered from severe illness in the spring and seemed in vigorous health. What a

demonstration at his obsequies! Æneas in the plutonian shades saw the shadowy forms of the philosophers, the warriors, the heroes, and gods of mythological antiquity pass by. He sought to seize their elusive forms. At last as Marcellus came near and smiled upon him he exclaimed: "Oh, give to me the lilies and the purple flowers, that I may strew them on Marcellus's grave." So the churches, the societies, the bar, the people almost literally strewed with flowers his pathway to the grave. Seven thousand and seventy-five persons passed by to gaze for the last time upon his mortal body.

He was at rest; that rest which he had longed for when the summons came; for if the disembodied spirit can look down from the battlements of heaven, his spirit looks down upon us to-day, saying, in the words so often repeated by him when living, and which illustrated both his life and death:

> So live that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan which moves
> To that mysterious realm where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
> Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Address of Mr. Hildebrant, of Ohio

Mr. Speaker: For the second time on this Sabbath day, a day which has been appropriately dedicated to the paying of tributes to those who once labored here with us and who have gone before into the spirit realm, I arise to briefly call to remembrance the life and character of our late friend and colleague, William Woodburn Skiles, and in thus doing deserved honor to him, may we who survive him try to learn lessons from his life that may help us as we march along life's highway, whither he has gone.

Mr. Speaker, the necrology of Congress in recent years is alarming, and it brings forcibly to our minds the statement that verily "in the midst of life we are in death." Among her representatives Ohio has furnished a fruitful field for the grim harvester, for to-day not one, but two, of her sons—one a Senator and the other a Representative—whose lives were full of deeds that add to the fame of their State, to the glory of the nation, and honor to themselves, are being paid the respect that is their due.

William Woodburn Skiles was born and raised in the fertile valley of the Cumberland, in the State of Pennsylvania, and at a tender age went with his parents to the home in Ohio where was to be the theater of his life's work and where, alas, he was to end his earthly labors.

Like a great many of our American boys, he went to district schools, and later enjoyed the benefits of a liberal higher education at Baldwin University. He became a lawyer, and practiced his profession with his brother, at Shelby, Ohio.

Mr. SKILES's reputation as a deep-thinking, able, and conscientious lawyer was not confined to his home or his county. It extended to the larger field of jurisprudence in the State of Ohio at large, and here in Congress he was considered a man of exceptional legal training and ability. In this, his second term, the honor came to him of presiding over one of the most important committees of the House—the Committee on Patents; but before he had fairly entered upon the discharge of his duties as such death claimed him. Had he lived, I confidently expected him to bring to bear in the field of patent law such a fund of knowledge and such sound judgment as would stamp him as one of the leading lawyers in the House, if, indeed, he had not already, in his comparatively short service, won that distinction.

Mr. SKILES went about the affairs of life in a thoroughly self-contained way, as seemingly always sure of his ground, for, being a deep thinker and close reasoner, he never acted except upon well-prepared plans. This characteristic rendered him valuable in the counsels of his party in Ohio, as well as in diversified fields of business activity, for Mr. SKILES, besides being a lawyer and a politician, was also a manufacturer and a financier. His personal appearance denoted the man of affairs, and his almost massive head told of great intellectuality. His election to Congress was the natural trend of a man of his parts. He was built to be a lawmaker, and that he was cut off right in the midst of his labors, when he was just beginning to demonstrate his usefulness and value, is a great loss to the country, as it is to his constituency.

Although he did not live out the allotted three score years and ten, his life was as full of deeds as though he had gone to the limit, and few men manage to crowd into their lives more things of a substantial character that last beyond the fitful and

evanescent life of man than did Mr. SKILES. Such a life as his was worth living, because he lived for something. He took hold of life, and with all his physical might and all his mental strength turned to good account the talents with which he was endowed; and in doing this he made for himself a good name, to which we here to-day, who would do him honor, can add nothing. His life work, well done, is his monument.

His fellow-men profited by what WILLIAM WOODBURN SKILES was, because what he was and what he did, in each and all the pursuits in which he was engaged, whether as lawyer or as banker, whether as manufacturer or as Congressman, whether as politician or as home builder, or whether as private citizen or public man in any capacity, stood for what is best in a Christian nation and for what is best in a country like ours, which must of necessity be built upon such men as my late colleague was in order to insure its perpetuity.

The love and esteem in which the friends and neighbors of Mr. SKILES held him was amply testified by their general and unmistakably sincere sorrow, when, at Shelby, Ohio, his home, the people turned out and came from far and near to pay their last tribute to their friend, their benefactor, and their honored and highly respected Representative. I was privileged to attend the funeral of Mr. SKILES as one of the committee on the part of the House, and I was deeply impressed by the universal sorrow expressed by the people and by the great outpouring of his constituents who desired to generously give evidence of the loss they so keenly felt. These incidents profoundly impressed me, and I mention them here that they may go into the Record as showing that the people with whom Mr. SKILES lived and moved, those who knew him long and knew him best, loved him most.

Address of Mr. Snook, of Ohio

Mr. Speaker: It is not my purpose at this time to speak of the life and character of the late Senator from Ohio, who lived to thrust aside the shafts of malice and ridicule that were aimed at him as they have been at no other man in public life for many years. I shall leave that work for those who were more closely associated with him and who knew him better than I.

Mr. Speaker, I arise to speak a few words in memory of one with whom I had no personal acquaintance when I became a Member of this body, but one whom I soon learned to love. Long before I met him, an old schoolmate of his had said to me: "I want you to meet Mr. Skiles. I know you will become friends." And the moment we met I felt that the prophecy was true. He had a genial nature, that seemed to lift the common things of everyday life into the light.

The windows of his soul were ever open to let in the joys and hopes that crowd along life's pathway. And yet he was not dead to life's sufferings and sorrows; they always touched his heart and were sure to elicit his sympathy, his comfort, and his aid.

In short, I found him to be just what his friend said he was—a true, honest, manly man. The work of his hand and his brain, as shown forth in his character, give true answer to the question often asked, "Is life worth living?" He knew that life is a precious jewel intrusted to our keeping, to be polished and perfected and then worthily worn in the sight of all men.

No one could have stood with your committee in the city of Shelby on the 13th day of last January and looked into the grief-stricken faces of her people and longer doubted that it was worth while that such a life should have been lived.

Every word, every look, and every act of her citizens showed that one and all had sustained a personal loss in the death of WILLIAM SKILES.

Shelby had known him as man and boy for fifty years—farmer, teacher, lawyer, Representative in Congress; progressive, public-spirited citizen, and man of worth.

This was the story we heard whispered from every lip, while the grief pictured in every face told of the immeasurable loss that his death had brought to his friends and neighbors.

In the half a century that marked the span of his life Shelby had grown to be a city. His life had been interwoven with every step of her progress.

He had been one of the foremost contributors to her advancement, and as a universal token of respect the factory, the shop, the store, and the schools were closed, and her people with one accord turned aside to give expression to their grief and lovingly testify to the memory of his worth as a citizen and a man.

With bowed heads we gathered within the portals of his late home. Loving hands had covered the bier with sweet-scented flowers. It seemed that his work and his worth had been such that all nature had been robbed of her storehouse of flowers for his bed, as if to conceal the fact that he was gone, that we might believe he was still one of us fallen asleep amid some bank of flowers, ready to wake again at a moment's notice to take up life's battles. The illusion seemed complete

until we heard the voices of the singers raising an appeal for the departed soul:

> Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom,
> Lead thou me on!
> The night is dark, and I am far from home;
> Lead thou me on;
> Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
> The distant way; one step's enough for me.

We listened and were touched by the appeal of the singers, and joined with them in a fervent prayer that the soul of our friend might even then be resting on the bosom of its Maker.

I know of no fitter tribute with which to close my remarks than these words, published at the time of his death in the Shelby Globe:

> Drop a tear. This day has marked a parting of the ways for us and one we held most dear. His life having been spent within her precincts, all Richland County to-day mourns the passing of W. W. SKILES.
>
> Even as these lines are read the cortege is moving on the street, and the massive casket, covered over with beautiful flowers, is emblematic of the universal respect which enshrouds his memory with the living. He is dead. But his name will live in a loving people's heart till they, too, have joined the caravan.
>
> We hear the muffled tread of horse and wheel as he is borne away, and our hearts swell with emotion for the loneliness of the home that death has touched; and yet it can not be undone. The wheels of time can not be reversed. And as tender hands place him in his last repose we breathe a sigh of "Peace to his ashes," and, returning from our mission, see the setting sun as it guides his soul to its distant home.

Address of Mr. Kyle, of Ohio

Mr. Speaker: I had intended to ask that my remarks might be printed rather than that I should make any, but by so doing I would feel that I was unfaithful to a duty that I owed to one of the most pleasant friendships that I have ever formed in my life, and one that I shall cherish so long as I shall live; and so, Mr. Speaker, after I have spoken of that friendship for a moment or two I shall ask to continue my remarks in the Record.

My personal acquaintance with Mr. Skiles began when we came to Congress. At the meeting of the Fifty-seventh Congress both of us came as new Members of the Ohio delegation. I had known him by reputation, but from the very first time we met until he left for his home during his last sickness that friendship so pleasantly begun rapidly grew into close personal relations.

The days had not come to our friend Skiles when he could say in his heart that there was no pleasure in them. Scarcely had he begun that which was most promising for him, and hardly had he entered upon that work which certainly not only bid fair, but assuredly promised, that there would come to him the just rewards for the kind and character of services that he bestowed upon that which he undertook. The mandate went out from on high, directing the messenger to summons William W. Skiles from his busy, useful, active life to one of eternal rest. He has been gathered to his fathers, but is with us still, for the example of a good life can never be forgotten. Genuine praise that comes to one either living or dead is that which comes

from his own home people. The regard in which one is held at home is the true measure of his real worth.

I never witnessed more genuine grief nor more universal regret over the death of any man than that manifested in his home city. Business was suspended, schools were closed, and the people went mourning about the streets. This to my mind is fully accounted for and was his just merit. He had been a loving husband, a kind, indulgent father, a successful lawyer, and had always been active in every proposition that involved the welfare of his home city. In this behalf his hand was not only seen, but the effect of his splendid business judgment was manifest.

Under his watchful eye Shelby grew from a village to an active, splendid manufacturing city, and it was to his pride that he had contributed to its material success, and there came to him for this solicitude and thoughtfulness the preference of its citizens for him. No man probably ever enjoyed in a larger degree and to a fuller extent the confidence of his people than did our departed friend; and when the opportunity offered itself to them to select a Member of Congress, they turned in but one direction and with but a single thought to their favored son, WILLIAM W. SKILES.

He served them faithfully and well, and through him came not only to his family and to his personal friends, but to the citizens of his community, the realization that his work was well done and the just pride that they and their welfare were ever uppermost in his mind, and that if the summons sent out for him must be answered no greater pleasure could come to him than that his life should be laid down while working for those who were nearest and dearest to him.

Address of Mr. Cassingham, of Ohio

Mr. Speaker: My first acquaintance with William Woodburn Skiles dated back to the period of his election to the Fifty-seventh Congress, and the impressions I gained at that time concerning his character continued until the day of his death.

He was a man of warm and genial nature, a true friend of those who once won his esteem, and of unbounded charity to all.

As a young man he worked his way through college by teaching every other term, and at the same time studying so that he might keep up with his class. After finishing his college course he entered upon the study of law, and to that profession he devoted himself until he was taken away, the only public office he ever held, with the exception of his service of eighteen years as a member of the school board, being in this body, commencing with the Fifty-seventh Congress.

Work and thoroughness in work was the guiding principle of his life, and the youth of this country can well look to his career as one to be emulated in the untiring devotion to one's chosen profession.

Yet this devotion to his extensive practice did not make him narrow-minded, for he became identified with many large enterprises and was charitable to the extreme, always ready to support any worthy cause. He gave liberally to all the churches in his home, although adhering to no particular creed. His faith in mankind and the ultimate good in all things was ever manifest. He was a man of firm and strong convictions and feelings, and yet there was no spirit of petty revenge or

retaliation in his nature. "Leave it to time, for time levels all things," he was accustomed to say when anyone would talk to him of retaliation.

The beautiful side of his character is disclosed by what he considered as one of the proudest moments in his life—the visit of his aged mother to him after he took his seat in this body. The pride of the mother in seeing her son as one of the representatives of the people in Congress was to that son praise higher and sweeter than the commendation of the world. And he was a representative type of American citizenship in his affection for his family, probity in public and private life, and untiring zeal and capacity for work in his undertakings, and we on this side of the Chamber, who differed from him politically, admired him for his manly qualities and esteemed him for his kindly nature. In politics he always tried to avoid a conflict; but if the conflict came, he always had the courage to follow his convictions to the end.

Success in his own life made him the more partial to contribute, by words and deeds, in helping those just entering upon the struggles of life. In fact, he would not hesitate to assist in every way a young man whom perhaps he had never seen before. I could relate many instances of his unfailing kindness, but many of my colleagues also wish to pay tribute to his memory, and I know of no better way of closing my remarks upon the life and character of WILLIAM WOODBURN SKILES than by quoting the words of his favorite poem:

> Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
> Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
> A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
> Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.
>
> * * * * *
>
> For we are the same our fathers have been;
> We see the same sights our fathers have seen,
> We drink the same stream and have the same sun,
> And run the same course our fathers have run.

Address of Mr. Webb, of North Carolina

Mr. Speaker: To the luxuriance of beautiful tributes paid our dead colleague to-day I desire to add only a few words. It was a pleasure to serve with him on the Patents Committee, of which he was chairman, although my acquaintance with him was not a long one. He impressed me when I first met him as being a dignified, kind-hearted, able, elegant gentleman. My subsequent association with him confirmed this impression, and our intercourse was of the pleasantest nature. When the news of his death came I was grieved and shocked, and felt genuinely as did Byron when he wrote:

> Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
> And thou wert lovely to the last;
> Extinguish'd, not decayed.

The best index of a man's character is the estimation in which he is held by those who knew him longest and best. Judged by this standard, W. W. Skiles must have approached unto the perfect man. He lived in Richland County and its capital city, Shelby, from his fifth year to his death—a period of a half century. When the Congressional funeral party reached Shelby grief could be discerned on every countenance, and sadness pervaded the entire atmosphere. The stores and shops were closed, business suspended, men and women spoke in whispers, and everything in the little city presented an air of bereavement. I do not think that I ever witnessed such a striking expression of universal grief. The weather was bitter cold, the mercury ranged below zero, the snow 12 inches deep and scattering flakes

still falling; and yet women, men, and children stood for two hours in this freezing climate in order to get a last look at their departed friend and fellow-citizen. I shall never forget the sadly beautiful scene, as he lay in the parlor of his own cultured home, buried in a bank of fragrant flowers. He seemed as natural as in life, peaceful and serene in death as he had been imperturbable and equable while living.

All along the funeral march to the cemetery it appeared as if the entire population of the city had assembled to bow their heads in an expression of the keen sense of their loss, and many tear-stained eyes unmistakably betrayed the grief which had seized each heart. Yes, sir; he was well beloved by his own people—those who knew him best and longest—and this, at last, is the highest tribute that men can render unto man; that is, to love him.

In the loss of our colleague I am reminded of James Montgomery's words:

> Friend after friend departs;
> Who hath not lost a friend?
> There is no union here of hearts
> That finds not here an end.
> Were this frail world our only rest,
> Living or dying, none were blest.

To those faithful, loving ones who, of all others, loved him most, and to his great State, which honored him and which he honored, and in whose bosom he now sleeps, I commend the comforting lines written by the sweet singer Whittier:

> I long for household voices gone;
> For vanished smiles I long;
> But God hath led my dear ones on,
> And He can do no wrong.

Address of Mr. Currier, of New Hampshire

Mr. Speaker: One of the first men with whom I became acquainted when I took my seat as a new Member of the Fifty-seventh Congress was Mr. Skiles, himself a new Member.

We were both appointed as members of the Committee on Patents, and I came to know him well. Modest and unassuming, his manner to all was that of a kind and courteous gentleman.

His was a most attractive and winning personality. His acquaintances speedily became his loving friends, and perhaps the first and best test of success in this world is the ability to win and hold personal friends.

We who served with him on the Committee on Patents soon discovered that he brought to the discharge of his duties a sound judgment, a high sense of honor, great industry in investigating all matters brought to the attention of the committee, and a conscientious desire to give the very best that was in him to the service of the country. He quickly grasped the main points of a proposition, and his suggestions regarding legislation were wise and helpful to his associates.

He was greatly attached to his home and to the town of Shelby, where he had long lived. There is something wrong about a man who does not love his home, who does not think that his home town is the fairest and best town in all the world, and that his neighbors are the very best neighbors that a man ever had. In everything that made for the welfare and improvement and building up of Shelby Mr. Skiles was a

leader, and no town ever had a more devoted and loyal citizen.

We who attended the last sad services at Shelby, and saw the great mills and all the business houses closed and silent while the people thronged the streets and stood with bared heads that cold and stormy day as the funeral procession passed, realized how much he was loved and how deeply he was mourned by those who knew him best.

Mr. SKILES was very proud of the privilege of representing the people of his district in the House and had a high sense of the honor and dignity of the position.

Of the nine Republicans who were members of the Committee on Patents in the Fifty-seventh Congress, Mr. SKILES and myself were the only ones reelected to the Fifty-eighth Congress, and at the beginning of this session we were again placed on that committee, Mr. SKILES being chairman. He took up the work of the committee with all the interest and earnestness and capacity for intelligent and well-directed labor which characterized his work everywhere. I looked forward with great pleasure to being associated with him in the business of the committee during the Fifty-eighth Congress.

We parted at the beginning of the holiday recess, expecting to meet again in a few days. When I returned I received a message from him announcing his illness and requesting me to take charge of the committee during a hearing which had been arranged before the recess. I wrote him that I would attend to it, but no final action would be taken by the committee until he returned, which we all hoped and believed would be in a few days. He dictated a reply, but before I received it he had passed away. His brief illness closed a life which in every way was a success, made so by ceaseless effort and strict integrity.

His life here, while it added to the work of a tired man, was, on the whole, I feel sure, a pleasant experience for him. The work of a Member of Congress in the House, in committees, and at the Departments, the thousand and one things to which he must give attention keep him occupied early and late; and were it not for the charming social intercourse which prevails among the Members and for the friendships we form here this life would not be worth living.

When a new Member takes his seat here he soon perceives that Congress is full of able men, and men not merely able, but brave and honest and conscientious. Men who with all the light they can get from a careful and patient investigation of pending measures are trying unselfishly to do their full duty.

No man for any great length of time can deceive a constituency of 200,000 intelligent people, and few men serve long in American politics unless their reputation for integrity and veracity is beyond question. The action of Congress is often bitterly criticised, sometimes when the criticism is deserved, but far more often when it is not deserved.

Mistakes are made here of course. The late William Walter Phelps once said: "Men who do not make mistakes never make anything else." The House is doing things, and often on a scale so vast as to be almost appalling to a man who comes here after an experience in the legislature of a small State, and on the whole all must admit that it does its work well.

In the death of Mr. SKILES the House lost a Member who in his brief career here demonstrated that he possessed those qualities which fit a man for able and successful public service, and the many Members of the House who were privileged to know him lost a dear and valued friend.

May we all hold as he did the respect, confidence, and love of our associates here and elsewhere "until the shadows lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed and the fever of life is over, and our work is done."

Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that gentlemen who have not spoken may have leave to print remarks in the Record, and that all who have spoken may have leave to extend their remarks.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Without objection, it will be so ordered.

There was no objection.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Now, in pursuance of the resolutions already adopted, and as a further mark of respect to the deceased Senator and Representatives, the House stands adjourned until to-morrow, at 12 o'clock noon.

Accordingly (at 5 o'clock and 26 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

JANUARY 11, 1904.

The message also communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. WILLIAM WOODBURN SKILES, late a Representative from the State of Ohio, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE SKILES.

Mr. FORAKER. Mr. President, I ask that the communication from the House, announcing the death of my late colleague in that body, Mr. SKILES, be laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

January 11, 1904.

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has heard with great sorrow of the death of Hon. WILLIAM WOODBURN SKILES, of the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That a committee of fifteen Members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The Speaker announced the appointment of Mr. Kyle, Mr. Badger, Mr. Southard, Mr. Hildebrant, Mr. Dick, Mr. Snook, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Currier, Mr. Beidler, Mr. Legare, Mr. Woodyard, Mr. Dickerman, Mr. Robb, Mr. Davidson, Mr. Warnock, and Mr. Webb members of the committee on the part of the House.

Mr. FORAKER. Mr. President, at a later day I will ask that appropriate memorial proceedings may be had in honor of Mr. SKILES. For the present I offer the resolutions I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Senator from Ohio submits resolutions, which will be read.

The resolutions were read, and considered by unanimous consent, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. WILLIAM W. SKILES, late a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That a committee of five Senators be appointed by the presiding officer to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from Ohio.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The President pro tempore appointed, under the second resolution, as a committee on the part of the Senate, Mr. Hanna, Mr. Foraker, Mr. Fairbanks, Mr. McCreary, and Mr. Cullom.

Mr. FORAKER. As a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, I move that the Senate adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 2 o'clock and 55 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, January 12, 1904, at 12 o'clock meridian.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

APRIL 25, 1904.

The message further transmitted to the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives on the life and public services of Hon. WILLIAM W. SKILES, late a Representative from the State of Ohio.

O

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 013 704 824 3